

Home Reading.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

The Clover.

The small white clover lies on the ground
fragrant and pure and sweet;
Like the sum of old that the Lord dropped
down.

For his chosen ones to eat.

Our deeds of kindness are clover blooms,
If we drop them along the way,
And will surely feed some hungry one
Of the Father's flock to-day.

And few there are in our beautiful world
That scatter the clover sweet!
Few strive to scatter the Heavenly food
For the perishing ones to eat.

And oftentimes clover fades and withers
For want of the strengthening rain;
We must water it with our prayers of faith
Till it stands refreshed again.

—G. H. D.

July 28, 1882.

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June.

Now, as through grassy fields we go,
The daisies gleam like sun-peeked snow—
And low beside each babbling brook,
Blue eyes forget-me-nots uplook;

On placid streams lilies repose—

While sweet June smiles—each smile a rose.

—V. B. H.

THE DREAMER BY DAYLIGHT.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

To Athletic Sports.

The training of Cyrus was to "draw the bow and speak the truth." If Cyrus were the son of a modern gentleman, he should know equally well how to pull the oar, to tread the giddy wheel, to whirl the airy bat, or to toss the lively ball. He might add to his accomplishments the manipulation of the succulent cigarette and a facility in the best eccentricities of the cultured German. His bouquets and flowery gifts, his carriages and gloves and tickets and swell garments should make the papa Cyrus (known as the "Governor" or the "Old Man") frequently "sow" and sometimes "pepper his speech." Cyrus senior would be much like his boxing teacher and fencing master, and his "coachies" of every kind. And perhaps poor Truth—which the ancients even preferred to archery—might come lagging along in the rear to be barely recognized.

The modern young gentleman has apparently in shunning the Scylla of dandism the greater danger of plunging into the Charybdis of bullyism. We get our classics and our shell-boats, our conic sections and our pitching curves, our Greek prose and our buttoned foils, in about equal proportions. The foot-ball is the nearest sphere of astronomy, and the lacrosse goal is more easily understood than the performances of the swift-footed Achilles.

So mused the Dreamer, comfortably nursing his pet corn, upon which a red-faced Irish woman had just centered the weight of herself and a solid baby. The place was Central Park. The time was afternoon. The sun was hot and the dust was bright. The event was the great Bicycle Parade, the Procession of the Wheelmens.

They came past in squads, and pairs, and singly. Here rode a *vieux moustache*—a soldierly figure with fully fifty years to his credit, who had "caused a stir" on the bad road. Here was a slender page of a fellow—as long and thin and spidery as though he had not gotten rid of his colthood and hardened into gristle—but graceful withal, and smoothly gliding. And here was a two hundred and fifty pounder, whose wheel fairly cracked under him. It was amazing what men were there—from the seven-footer who rode that immense dromedary of a bicycle to the little dashing boy who fluttered here and there as lightly as any butterfly. And the costumes were as various as the men—bottle-green and brown, and blue, with fatigue-caps and sun-hats, and slouches, and canvas shooting-hats.

The principal attraction, however, was the calves of these hordes. Some of them showed powerfully full of muscle, while others had little to command their shanks to the eye. Yet every man devoted himself to stockings. And the Dreamer thought of that poor sorrowing wretch whose wail once went up in the *Wheelmen*, for some one to tell him how to keep his hose from slipping down. Garters are no good. Safety-pins won't hold 'em up. For pity's sake, fellas, all must take to stockings.

The Dreamer saw nobody's stockings come down—fortunately, or he should have rushed forward to the rescue with anything he possessed which could be of service. A bicyclist who comes to pieces on parade is a pitiful sight. And evidently this thought filled the soul of one sublime object—the only dude in line—who gallantly glided along on a shining nickel-plated steed. He had on purple stockings, and his shoes were tied with ribbons. If he had garters at all, they should have displayed the old motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—but above his garters his nether attenuations were speckless, spotless white, shrunk on. It just took two tailors—one at each leg—to get him ready and sewed into them. Then he had a Jersey—a purple silk Jersey—and his seat gracefully on the tail of it and pulled the other end over his lap. Around his neck was a flowing kerchief of snowy silk tied in a sailor's knot, and above his delicate complexion and his Dundreary whiskers was a white wide-awake hat.

He was a spectacle of wonder and dismay that man—an "unattached" and unapproachable genius, who had learned how to ride by some alchemy or mathematics beyond imagination. He rode well, however, and displayed his art and his flowing necktie to vast advantage.

There were as sensitive and hearty a set of men in other sets. There is a spice of danger in the sport, and hence the sport had developed the many instincts, the brown faces, and the true muscles of fine physical frames. Very many were the handsome figures and the honest and open countenances which the Dreamer saw—and he was glad thereof.

How can one say that it demoralizes a man to pull a spruce car with a mighty rush and sweep as the dark nose of that other boat comes creeping past our thwarts! The handsclutch, and the heart beats quicker, and the breast heaves stronger, and the nerves and muscles set and quiver to every lifting, sweeping stroke! And then listen to that cheer at the same time.

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mon back there in the bow, kicking and joggling for dear life and holding the boat's head to her course, catches the situation at one glance of his eye. He twists around to sight his distant stakeboat, and then comes his quick, electric yell: "Now we've got 'em! Lift her, boys! Pull, you *billies*, PULL!"

How he jumps to that stroke! Far down the boat, you there in the waist see the dash of the captain's head as he swings the stroke up, long and steady, every muscle quick and tense, and the broad oar-blades flinging the white foam far astern! Ah, how she jumps now!—and how that ominous nose of that hated boat goes back and back! And every man feels as if he could put two hundred pounds to every stroke. And with a pulse that strikes the water like some swift living thing, on she cuts and on and on, and the last hundred feet lie there before us. No one lifts his head. No one looks. Each man's hands are clenched on the oar, and the boat's body swings and slides with the rest, and *here we are*! Here's the yelling and the cheering, and the hurrahing! Here come all the boys, mad with excitement—waist deep, breast deep, picking up the crew and the boat and everything and everybody—and the race is won!

Well, my lazy Dreamer—you who love to paddle so gently along and lie so quietly under that big tree where the stream runs slow—you who never rode a bicycle or a tricycle or a polycleve in your life—you who must take care lest avoidopolis get the better of your precious wind—well, my friend, I think you do pretty well! Let your pen drop a while. Don't say what you intended about over-training and brutal associations and all that. Be satisfied that you got a going yourself—and stop and rub down and take it easy!

TROUT Fishing.

To those who enjoy the solitude of the everlasting hills, away from all noise save only the songs of birds and the babbling stream, and are also disciples of old like Walton, I can command the Bushkill, a stream that makes glad the heart of an angler; falling several hundred feet a mile, with innumerable cascades and deep pools that are sure to be the home of the trout; and either side rise high masses of rock, gray and white, with pine trees clinging here and there. You make an early start, fully equipped, with wading pants, basket, fly-book, bait box, an eight ounce rod with check reel, braided line, and silk leader. At this time of the year you catch more fish with bait than with fly, though with so capricious a fish you must be prepared to offer them what they will take. The trout you catch will run from a quarter to one pound in weight; most of those I caught weighed half a pound; and one weighed just one pound; it gave me a thrill to see it, which I shall often (in memory) do again. There is a charm about angling that seems very tame to write about, but is equaled by no other recreation. You are entirely oblivious to time and to distance.

In the swift current you of course fish down stream, casting over each ripple, eddy, and pool, sometimes catching two or three fine trout from the same pool, but often you fish a number of pools without a rise.

Have you ever caught a trout? No! Then I am tempted to say, as they do at the *Ministris*: "One half of your life is gone."

No fish is more gamy, and no fish will thrill you half so much, as with your fine tackle you lead him or try to lead him out, and darts like a flash from one side of the pool to the other, and you grow nervous in spite of yourself, fearful that something will break, and that after all you will lose him; but when at last you have your hand at his throat, safely caught, and feel him flopping in your basket, you are just cruel enough to enjoy a satisfaction that is experienced at no other time.

Add to all this the perfect air, full of the perfume of the atmosphere, the quiet abstraction of mind, while you are apparently intent on but one thing, you are taking in every passing cloud, every moss-covered rock, rock, and drawing instinctively nearer to the God who made them all.

To those who will slip away from home the coming summer for rest and recreation, I again command the mountains.

Mormon Slavery.

In slavery times the blood of Northern citizens used to be stirred up by pictures of the slave drivers or overseers of plantations sitting in an elevated position watching the blacks as they toiled in the field or factory. These pictures represented the man with a bulldog countenance with whip in hand, ready to make stripes on the back of the weary toilers whenever they lagged in their work.

These and similar sonnets and stanzas show a level excellence which is evidently unforced and spontaneous.

The poems usually are in the sonnet form. They speak of devout experiences and of pure and high themes. They will peculiarly commend themselves to persons of thoughtful and meditative minds.

These poems are slavery which is noted as being an organization under the name of religion. A gentleman down from Cacheo County tells of what he witnessed only a few days ago, and says that the incident has been a common affair for years with the man he describes. At Providence there is a man having fourteen wives, and his progeny is so numerous that no one appears to know the extent. Six or eight of his women go to his farm at once and work in the field, while he sits quietly on the fence and looks on, just as the overseer of the past kept watch of his slaves.

We are assured that this is no fancy sketch, but a veritable fact which attracts the most general interest of the passer-by. Of course, the man goes over the width of the world, and the Mormon priesthood are ready to attribute his prosperity as blessing from the Lord to reward him for living up to his privileges according to the Latter-day gospel.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

M. ALMA TADIMA and Mr. Herbert Spencer are both suffering severely from overwork. The latter seems to have lost ground physically since his recent American tour.

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THE sixth annual meeting of the International Literary Congress is to be held at Amsterdam in September. The Congress of Orientalists is to gather at Leyden at the same time.

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UNDER THIS HEADING it is our intention to publish, from time to time, reviews of books of literary interest. Our community is one of book-lovers and book buyers; and the *Citizen*, originated and supported a journal of local news and literature, peculiarly adapted to a medium between public and private news. Our book notices, it is needless to say, will follow the same principles as the rest of the paper, fairness, with a decided leaning in the one way that we honestly undertake such criticism.

POEMS. By Jones Very, with an Introductory Memoir by William P. Andrews. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883. Pp. xii, 160.

In 1875 the Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Cambridge, a distinguished Unitarian divine, called for a new edition of Mr. Very's poems. They had been long known, and in a gentle, fragile way they had been regarded as fine expressions of the poetic art. They were deficient in some of the turns and meteors of modern verse; but their spirit was so devout, so pure, and so sympathetic that it is not surprising that they have endured to this day. Mr. Very was born in Salem, Mass., Aug. 28, 1813. He died in the same famous old town May 8, 1880, having during these years led a simple, blameless life which is beautifully reflected in his poems. His "soul was like a star and dwelt apart" and he "moved in Salem," says Mr. E. A. Silsbee, his friend and admirer, "like Dante among the Florentines: a man who had seen God."

His college graduation was from Harvard, in 1836, to which he had entered in the last term of the sophomore year. He took the second honors of his class, and was appointed as tutor in Greek. In conjunction with the duties thus assigned to him, he studied theology in the Divinity School. As an instructor he possessed a keen and poetic insight into the structure of the Greek language, while the administration of the thoughts and the interest of the listeners, and producing a permanent impression upon his pupils.

"Forty-four years afterwards," says Mr. Andrews, "the hilarities of a class supper were interrupted that each member present might bear living testimony to his individual sense of obligation to Mr. Very's instruction, and the force of his personal influence." Very often in these days the students found upon the backs of their Greek exercises verses from his poems, naively and gracefully expressed—the outgrowth of an exalted spiritual state, which it was equally impossible for them to deride or to disregard. Many of Rev. S. W. Daffield's verses have been gathered up, of which one like "At the Harbor-mouth" (from the *Christian Union*) and "Vinetia" (recently published in the *Citizen*) as well as any "Miss Marion L. Pelet's" "After the Storm" deserves notice as an exquisite bit of just and beautiful sentiment. Miss Ward has contented herself with a brief preface—brief almost to severity. She might have noted the presence of much new material, and she might have explained the absence of some that is old. As for instance, we might say that two of the conspicuous ones, "In Memoriam," "Russell's 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep'" and that other fine sea-song, the "Larboard Watch"—are so joined to the music that the words would hardly represent that which was above mediocrity.

We wish for Miss Ward so great and prompt a success that she shall be compelled to prepare a supplement in which these sea-songs and sailor-songs—*music as well as words*—shall be more exhaustively treated than the present work permits. The cover of "Surf and Wave" was also designed by Miss Hayden, and has its appropriate seals of shells and sea-weed, according to the belief that by a different arrangement of colors it might be made even more attractive. The paper is good, and the general make-up of the book shows judgment and taste. Messrs. Crowell & Co. certainly offer the very volume that was most in demand.

But they never did. From this point there is nothing but *calm*. In 1843 the Cambridge Association of Unitarian Ministers licensed him to preach; but the popular general was less affected by him than were his associates, the ministers. To them he was an inspiration, and often a sort of embodiment of conscience which came into their studies, and had a mission with their souls, and left them feeling their unspiritual and unworthiness. This was peculiarly his power throughout his life. Many have testified to it as though it were a still, small voice which they could neither refuse nor resist.

In figure, Mr. Very was tall and slight; cheerful in face, obliging and lovely in character. He delighted in the companionable habits of nature, and in the old fashioned ways of behaviour and of dress. But he led both a simple and a quiet life, whose love has resuscitated his poems, and paid tribute to his virtues.

Mr. Very is best known as the author of "Wilt Thou not visit me?"

It has been greatly admired and widely reprinted. It is a pure, spiritual lyric, and has been included in Dr. Robinson's "Lays for the Sanctuary" and other collections in extensive use. Other poems more or less well known are:

"I asked of Time to tell me where was Love."

"The light that fills thy house at morn."

"The comings on of Faith."

"The going out of Light."

"Come suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come."

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